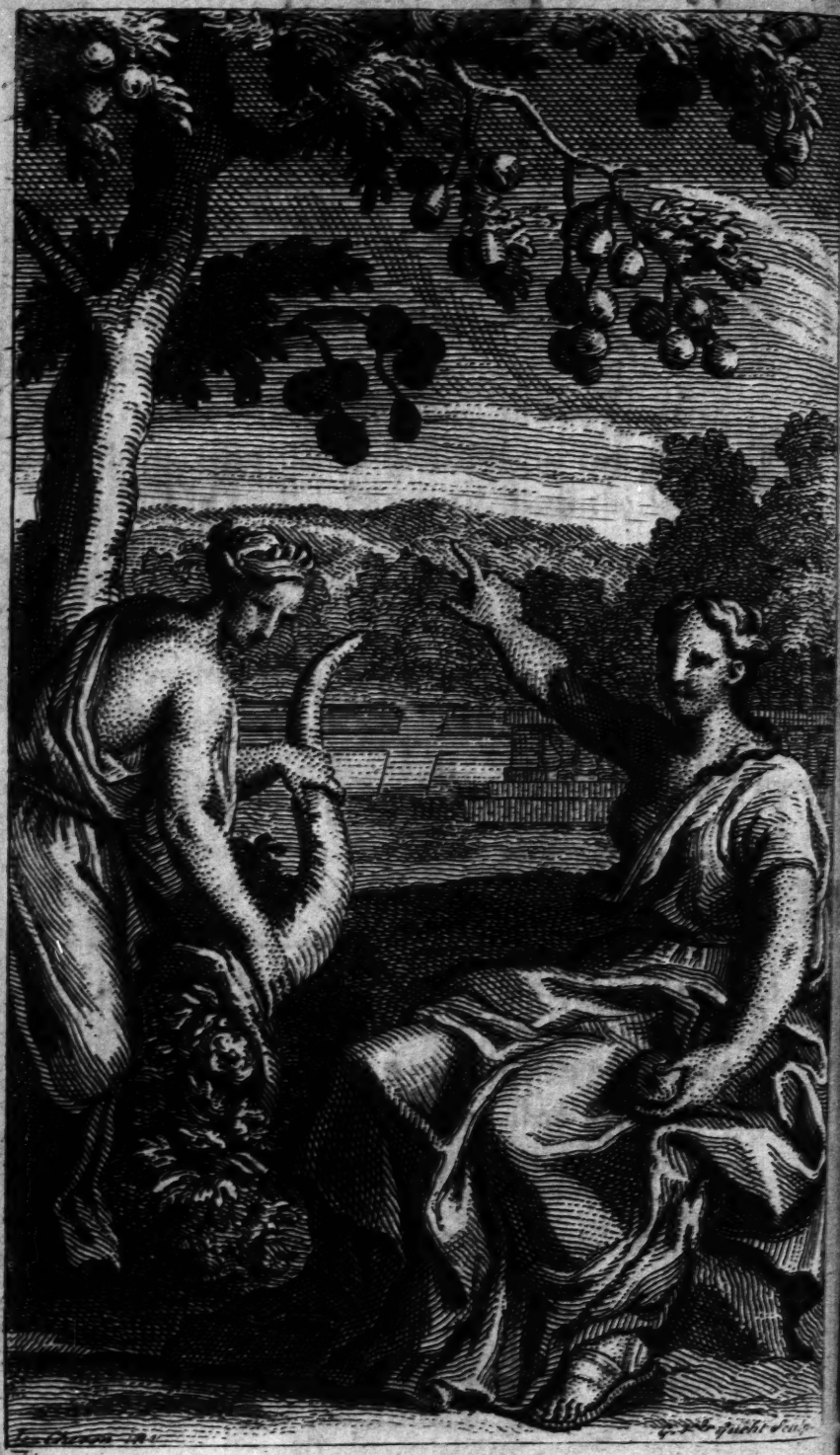
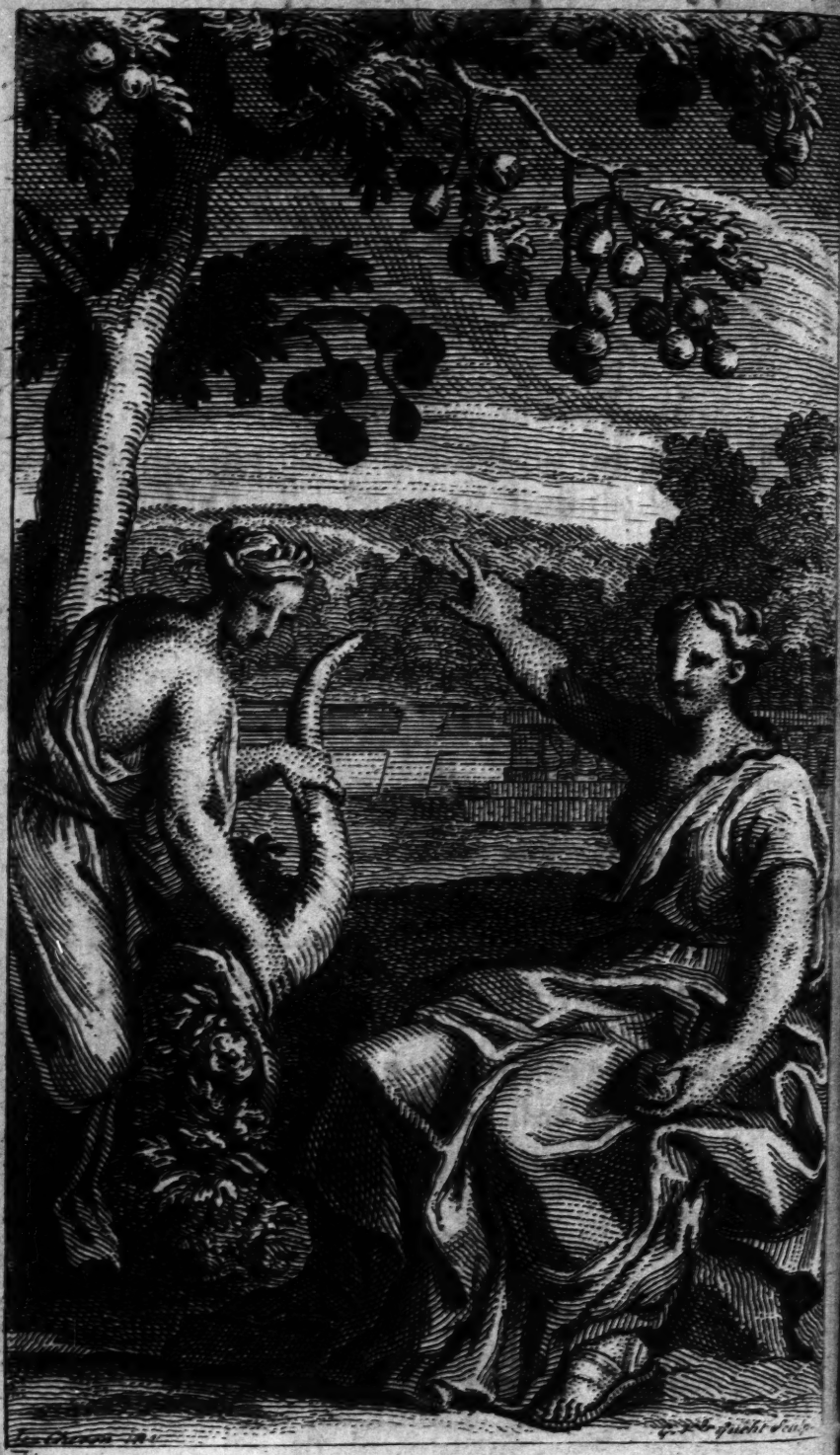


Endymion Mrs H



Endymion Mrs H



CYDER.

K. Cider

P O E M.

I N

T W O B O O K S.

Honos erit huic quoque Pomo? Virg.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC XXVII.

CYDER

POE M.

TWO BOOKS

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DEC XVII



CYDER.

BOOK I.



WHAT Soil the Apple loves, what
Care is due
To Orchards, timeliest when to press
the Fruits,

Thy Gift, *Pomona*, in *Miltonian* Verse
Adventrous I presume to sing; of Verse
Nor skill'd, nor studious: But my Native Soil
Invites me, and the Theme as yet unsung.

Ye *Ariconian* Knights, and fairest Dames,
To whom propitious Heav'n these Blessings grants,

Attend my Layes; nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's Gifts may be improv'd by Art.

And thou, O *Mostyn*, whose Benevolence,
And Candor, oft experienc'd, Me vouchsaf'd
To knit in Friendship, growing still with Years,
Accept this Pledge of Gratitude and Love.
May it a lasting Monument remain
Of dear Respect; that, when this Body frail
Is moulder'd into Dust, and I become
As I had never been, late Times may know
I once was blest in such a matchless Friend.

Who-e'er expects his lab'ring Trees shou'd bend
With Fruitage, and a kindly Harvest yield,
Be this his first Concern; to find a Tract
Impervious to the Winds, begirt with Hills;
That intercept the *Hyperborean* Blasts
Tempestuous, and cold *Eurus*' nipping Force,
Noxious to feeble Buds: But to the West
Let him free Entrance grant, let *Zephyrs* bland
Administer their tepid genial Airs;
Naught fear he from the West, whose gentle Warmth
Discloses well the Earth's all-teeming Womb,

Invigorating tender Seeds; whose Breath
Nurtures the *Orange*, and the *Citron* Groves,
Hesperian Fruits, and wafts their Odours sweet
Wide thro' the Air, and distant Shores perfumes.
Nor only do the Hills exclude the Winds:
But, when the blackning Clouds in sprinkling
Show'rs
Distill, from the high Summits down the Rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile Moisture chear'd,
The Orchards smile; joyous the Farmers see
Their thriving Plants, and bless the heav'nly Dew.

Next, let the Planter, with Discretion meet,
The Force and Genius of each Soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary Care, in vain
He hopes an Apple-Vintage, and invokes
Pomona's Aid in vain. The miry Fields,
Rejoicing in rich Mold, most ample Fruit
Of beauteous Form produce; pleasing to Sight,
But to the Tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed; so, oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward Lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.

Nor from the sable Ground expect Success,
 Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune:
 The Must, of pallid Hue, declares the Soil
 Devoid of Spirit; wretched He, that quaffs
 Such wheyish Liquors; oft with Colic Pangs,
 With pungent Colic Pangs distress'd, he'll roar,
 And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome
 Draught.

But, Farmer, look, where full-ear'd Sheaves of Rye
 Grow wavy on the Tith, that Soil select
 For Apples; thence thy Industry shall gain
 Ten-fold Reward; thy Garners, thence with Store
 Surcharg'd, shall burst; thy Press with purest Juice
 Shall flow, which, in revolving Years, may try
 Thy feeble Feet, and bind thy faulking Tongue.
 Such is the *Kentchurch*, such *Dantzeyan* Ground,
 Such thine, O learned *Brome*, and *Capel* such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd *Geers* his *Marsha*,
 And *Sutton-Acres*, drench'd with Regal Blood
 Of *Ethelbert*, when to th' unhallow'd Feast
 Of *Mercian Offa* he invited came,
 To treat of Spousals: Long connubial Joys
 He promis'd to himself, allur'd by Fair
Elfrida's Beauty; but deluded dy'd

In

In height of Hopes---- Oh! hardest Fate, to fall
By Shew of Friendship, and pretended Love!

I nor advise, nor reprehend the Choice
Of *Marcley*-Hill; the Apple no where finds
A kinder Mold: Yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Deceitful Ground: Who knows but that, once more,
This Mount may journey, and, his present Site
Forfaking, to thy Neighbours Bounds transfer
The goodly Plants, affording Matter strange
For Law-Debates? If, therefore, thou incline
To deck this Rise with Fruits of various Tastes,
Fail not by frequent Vows t'implore Success:
Thus piteous Heav'n may fix the wand'ring Glebe.

But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her Gifts) an happy Soil thou'd be with-held;
If a penurious Clay thou'd be thy Lot,
Or rough unweildy Earth, nor to the Plough,
Nor to the Cattle kind, with sandy Stones
And Gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy Toil; the sturdy Pear tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest Root
Pierce the obstructing Grit, and restive Marle.

This naught is useless made; nor is there Land,
But what, or of it self, or else compell'd,
Affords Advantage. On the barren Heath
The Shepherd tends his Flock, that daily crop
Their verdant Dinner from the mossie Turf,
Sufficient; after them the Cackling Goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her Want.
What shou'd I more? Ev'n on the cliffy Height
Of *Penmenmaur*, and that Cloud-piercing Hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the Traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the Goats their shrubby Bronze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy Rock, whose Prominence
Half overshades the Ocean, hardy Men,
Fearless of rending Winds, and dashing Waves,
Cut Samphire, to excite the squeamish Gust
Of pamper'd Luxury. Then, let thy Ground
Not lye unlabour'd; if the richest Stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who wou'd doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to Human Use redound,
And Penury, the worst of Ills, remove?

There

There are, who, fondly studious of Increase,
Rich Foreign Mold on their ill-natur'd Land
Induce laborious, and with fatning Muck
Besmear the Roots; in vain! the nursing Grove
Seems fair awhile, cherish'd with foster Earth:
But, when the alien Compost is exhaust,
It's native Poverty again prevails.

Tho' this Art fails, despond not; little Pains,
In a due Hour employ'd, great Profit yield.
Th' Industrious, when the Sun in *Leo* rides,
And darts his sultriest Beams, portending Drought,
Forgets not at the Foot of ev'ry Plant
To sink a circling Trench, and daily pour
A just Supply of alimential Streams,
Exhausted Sap recruiting; else, false Hopes
He cherishes, nor will his Fruit expect
Th' autumnal Season, but, in Summer's Pride,
When other Orchards smile, abortive fail.

Thus the great Light of Heav'n, that in his Course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted Fields, and often Men

Perceive

Perceive his Influence dire; sweltring they run
 To Grotts, and Caves, and the cool Umbrage seek
 Of woven Arborets, and oft the Rills
 Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
 Thirst inextinguishable: But if the Spring
 Preceding thou'd be destitute of Rain,
 Or Blast Septentrional with brushing Wings
 Sweep up the smoaky Mists, and Vapours damp,
 Then wo to Mortals! *Titan* then exerts
 His Heat intense, and on our Virals preys;
 Then Maladies of various Kinds, and Names
 Unknown, malignant Fevers, and that Foe
 To blooming Beauty, which imprints the Face
 Of fairest Nymph, and checks our growing Love,
 Reign far and near; grim Death, in different Shapes,
 Depopulates the Nations, thousands fall
 His Victims, Youths, and Virgins, in their Flower,
 Reluctant die, and sighing leave their Loves
 Unfinish'd, by infectious Heav'n destroy'd.

Such Heats prevail'd, when fair *Eliza*, last
 Of *Winchcomb's* Name (next Thee in Blood, and
 Worth,
 O fairest *Sr. John*!) left this toilsome World

In

In Beauty's Prime; and sadden'd all the Year:
 Nor cou'd her Virtues, nor repeated Vows
 Of thousand Lovers, the relentless Hand
 Of Death arrest; She with the Vulgar fell,
 Only distinguish'd by this humble Verse.

But if it please the Sun's intemp'rate Force
 To know, attend; whilst I of ancient Fame
 The Annals trace, and image to thy Mind,
 How our Fore-fathers, (luckless Men!) ingulf'd
 By the wide yawning Earth, to *Stygian* Shades
 Went quick, in one sad Sepulchre enolos'd.

In elder Days, ere yet the *Roman* Bands
 Victorious, this our Other World subdu'd,
 A spacious City stood, with firmest Walls
 Sure moulded; and with num'rous Towers crown'd;
 Aerial Spires, and Citadels, the Seat
 Of Kings, and Heroes resolute in War,
 Fam'd *Ariconium*; uncontroll'd, and free,
 'Till all-subduing *Latian* Arms prevail'd.
 Then also, tho' to foreign Yoke submit,
 She undemolish'd stood, and even will now

Perhaps had stood, of antient *British* Art
A pleasing Monument, not less admir'd
Than what from *Attic*, or *Etruscan* Hands
Arose; had not the Heav'nly Pow'rs averse
Decreed her final Doom: For now the Fields
Labour'd with Thirst, *Aquarius* had not shed
His wonted Show'rs, and *Sirius* parch'd with Heat
Solstitial the green Herb: Hence 'gan relax
The Ground's Contexture, hence *Tartarean* Dreags,
Sulphur, and nitrous Spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksom Caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded Roar
Of brazen Enginry, that ceaseless storm
The Bastion of a well-built City, deem'd
Impregnable: Th' infernal Winds, 'till now
Closely imprison'd, by *Titanian* Warmth,
Dilating, and with unctuous Vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow Cells; and, their full Strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid Mass
Upheav'd, and all her Castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest Seat; old *Vaga's* Stream,
Forc'd by the sudden Shock, her wonted Track
Forsook, and drew her humld Train aslope,
Crankling her Banks: And now the low'ring Sky,
And

And baleful Lightning, and the Thunder, Voice
 Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
 The sinking Hearts of Men. Where shou'd they turn
 Distress'd? Whence seek for Aid? when from below
 Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives Signs
 Of Wrath and Desolation? Vain were Vows,
 And Plaints, and suppliant Hands, to Heav'n erect!
 Yet some to Fanes repair'd, and humble Rites
 Perform'd to *Thor*, and *Woden*, fabled Gods,
 Who with their Vot'ries in one Ruin shar'd,
 Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others, in frantick
 Mood,
 Run howling thro' the Streets, their hideous Yells
 Rend the dark Welkin; Horror stalks around,
 Wild-staring, and, his sad Concomitant,
 Despair, of abject Look: At ev'ry Gate
 The thronging Populace with hasty Strides
 Press furious, and, too eager of Escape,
 Obstruct the easie Way; the rocking Town
 Supplants their Footsteps; to, and fro, they reel
 Astonish'd, as o'er-charg'd with Wine; when lo!
 The Ground adust her riven Mouth disparts,
 Horrible Chasm; profound! with swift Descent
 Old *Ariconium* sinks, and all her Tribes,
 Heroes,

Heroes, and Senators, down to the Realms
 Of endless Night. Mean-while, the loosen'd Winds
 Infuriate, molten Rocks and flaming Globes
 Hurl'd high above the Clouds; 'till, all their Force
 Consum'd, her rav'nous Jaws th' Earth satiate clos'd.
 Thus this fair City fell, of which the Name
 Survives alone; nor is there found a Mark,
 Whereby the curious Passenger may learn
 Her ample Site, save Coins, and mould'ring Urns,
 And huge unweildy Bones, lasting Remains
 Of that Gigantic Race; which, as he breaks
 The clotted Glebe, the Plowman haply finds,
 Appall'd. Upon that treacherous Tract of Land,
 She whilome stood; now Ceres, in her Prime,
 Smiles fertile, and, with ruddiest Freight bedeckt,
 The Apple-Tree, by our Fore-fathers Blood
 Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
 Urging her destin'd Labours to pursue.

The Prudent will observe, what Passions reign
 In various Plants (for not to Man alone,
 But all the wide Creation, Nature gave
 Love, and Aversion): Everlasting Hate

The

The *Vine* to *Ivy* bears, nor less abhors
 The *Coleworts* Rankness; but, with amorous *Twine*,
 Clasps the tall *Elm*: The *Pestian Rose* unfolds
 Her Bud, more lovely, near the fetid *Leek*,
 (Crest of stout *Britons*,) and inhances thence
 The Price of her celestial Scent: The *Gourd*,
 And thirsty *Cucumber*, when they perceive
 Th' approaching *Olive*, with Resentment fly
 Her fatty Fibres, and with Tendrils creep
 Diverse, detesting Contact; whilst the *Fig*
 Contemns not *Rue*, nor *Sage's* humble Leaf,
 Close neighbouring: The *Herefordian* Plant
 Caresses freely the contiguous *Peach*,
Hazel, and weight-resisting *Palm*, and likes
 T' approach the *Quince*, and th' *Elder's* pithy Stem;
 Uneasie, seated by funereal *Tengb*,
 Or *Walnut*, (whose malignant Touch impairs
 All generous Fruits,) or near the bitter Dews
 Of *Cherries*. Therefore, weigh the Habits well
 Of Plants, how they associate best, nor let
 Ill Neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful Grass.

[froth ?

Wouldst thou, thy Vats with gen'rous Juice should
 Respect thy Orchats; think not, that the Trees

Spon-

Spontaneous will produce an wholefom Draught.
 Let Art correct thy Breed : from Parent Bough
 A Cyon meetly sever ; after, force
 A way into the Crabstock's close-wrought Grain
 By Wedges, and within the living Wound
 Enclose the Foster Twig ; nor over-nice
 Refuse with thy own Hands around to spread
 The binding Clay : Ere-long their differing Veins
 Unite, and kindly Nourishment convey
 To the new Pupil ; now he shoots his Arms
 With quickest Growth ; now shake the teeming
 Trunc,

Down rain th' impurpl'd Balls, ambrosial Fruit.
 Whether the *Wilding's* Fibres are contriv'd
 To draw th' Earth's purest Spirit, and resist
 It's Feculence, which in more porous Stocks
 Of *Cyder*-Plants finds Passage free, or else
 The native Verjuice of the *Crab*, deriv'd
 Thro' th' infix'd Graff, a grateful Mixture forms
 Of tart and sweet ; whatever be the Cause,
 This doubtful Progeny by nicest Tastes
 Expected best Acceptance finds, and pays
 Largest Revenues to the Orchat-Lord.

Some

Some think, the *Quince* and *Apple* wou'd combine
In happy Union; Others fitter deem
The *Sloe*-Stem bearing *Sylvan* Plums austere.
Who knows but Both may thrive? Howe'er, what
loss

To try the Pow'rs of Both, and search how far
Two different Natures may concur to mix
In close Embraces, and strange Off-spring bear?
Thou'lt find that Plants will frequent Changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable Arms
Conjoin with others. So *Silurian* Plants
Admit the *Peach*'s odoriferous Globe,
And *Pears* of sundry Forms; at diff'rent times
Adopted *Plums* will aliene Branches grace;
And Men have gather'd from the *Hawthorn*'s Branch
Large *Medlars*, imitating regal Crowns.

Nor is it hard to beautifie each Month
With Files of particolour'd Fruits, that please
The Tongue, and View, at once. So *Maro*'s Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious Precepts gives
Instructive to the Swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: Sometimes she diverts

From

From solid Counsels, shews the Force of Love
In savage Beasts; how Virgin Face divine
Attracts the hapless Youth thro' Storms, and Waves,
Alone, in deep of Night: Then she describes
The *Scythian* Winter, nor disdains to sing
How under Ground the rude *Riphean* Race
Mimic brisk *Cyder* with the Brakes Product wild;
Sloes pounded, Hips, and *Servis*' hardest Juice.

Let sage Experience teach thee all the Arts
Of Grafting, and In-Eyeing; when to lop
The flowing Branches; what Trees answer best
From Root, or Kernel: She will best the Hours
Of Harvest, and Seed-time declare; by Her
The different Qualities of things were found,
And secret Motions; how with heavy Bulk
Volatile *Hermes*, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the Wings of Air; to Her we owe
The *Indian* Weed, unknown to ancient Times,
Nature's choice Gift, whose acrimonious Fume
Extracts superfluous Juices, and refines
The Blood distemper'd from its noxious Salts;
Friend to the Spirits, which with Vapours bland
It gently mitigates, Companion fit

Of

Of Pleasantry, and Wine; nor to the Bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal Shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd Songs.
She found the polish'd Glass, whose small Convex
Enlarges to ten Millions of Degrees
The Mite, invisible else, of Nature's Hand
Least Animal; and shews, what Laws of Life
The Cheese-Inhabitants observe, and how
Fabrick their Mansions in the harden'd Milk,
Wonderful Artists! But the hidden Ways
Of Nature wouldst thou know? how first she frames
All things in Miniature? thy Specular Orb
Apply to well-dissected Kernels; lo!
Strange Forms arise, in each a little Plant
Unfolds its Boughs: observe the slender Threads
Of first-beginning Trees, their Roots, their Leaves,
In narrow Seeds describ'd; Thou'lt wond'ring say,
An inmate Orchat ev'ry Apple boasts.
Thus All things by Experience are display'd,
And Most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy Stock; no Way, or Rule
Be unassay'd; prevent the Morning Star
Assiduous, nor with the Western Sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of Thy Gain,
Not

Not of my Own, I all the live-long Day
 Consume in Meditation deep, recluse
 From human Converse, nor, at shut of Eve,
 Enjoy Repose; but oft at Midnight Lamp
 Ply my brain-racking Studies, if by chance
 Thee I may counsel right; and oft this Care
 Disturbs me slumbring. Wilt thou then repine
 To labour for thy Self? and rather chuse
 To lye supinely, hoping Heav'n will bless
 Thy slighted Fruits, and give thee Bread unearn'd?

[Snakes,
 'Twill profit, when the Stork, sworn-Foe of
 Returns, to shew Compassion to thy Plants,
 Fatigu'd with Breeding. Let the arched Knife
 Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading Shades
 Of Vegetables, and their thirsty Limbs
 Dislever: for the genial Moisture, due
 To Apples, otherwise mispends it self
 In barren Twigs, and, for th' expected Crop,
 Naught but vain Shoots, and empty Leaves abound.

When swelling Buds their od'rous Foliage shed,
 And gently harden into Fruit, the Wise
 Spare not the little Off-springs, if they grow

Redun.

Redundant; but the thronging Clusters thin
By kind Avulsion: else, the starv'ling Brood,
Void of sufficient Sustenance, will yield
A slender Autumn; which the niggard Soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty Hand,
That would not timely ease the pond'rous Boughs.

It much conduces, all the Cares to know
Of Gard'ning, how to scare nocturnal Thieves,
And how the little Race of Birds, that hop
From Spray to Spray, scooping the costliest Fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. *Priapus' Form*
Avails but little; rather guard each Row
With the false Terrors of a breathless Kite.
This done, the timorous Flock with swiftest Wing
Scud thro' the Air; their Fancy represents
His mortal Talons, and his rav'nous Beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile Gripe,
They quit their Thefts, and unfrequent the Fields.

Besides, the filthy Swine will oft invade
Thy firm Inclosure, and with delying Snout
The rooted Forest undermine: forthwith
Alloo thy furious Mastiff, bid him vex

The

The noxious Herd, and print upon their Ears
A sad Memorial of their past Offence.

The flagrant *Procyon* will not fail to bring
Large Shoals of slow House-bearing Snails, that
creep

O'er the ripe Fruitage, paring slimy Tracts
In the sleek Rinds, and unprest *Cyder* drink.
No Art averts this Pest; on Thee it lyes,
With Morning and with Evening Hand to rid
The preying Reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this Labour, which it self rewards
With pleasing Gain, whilst the warm Limbec draws
Salubrious Waters from the nocent Brood.

Myriads of Wasps now also clustring hang,
And drain a spurious Honey from thy Groves,
Their Winter Food; tho' oft repulst, again
They rally, undismay'd: but Fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisom Swarms; let ev'ry Bough
Bear frequent Vials, pregnant with the Dregs
Of *Moyle*, or *Mum*, or *Treacle's* viscous Juice;
They, by th'alluring Odor drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet Cates, and crouding sip

Their

Their palatable Bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy Surface all o'er-strown with Tribes
Of greedy Insects, that with fruitless Toil
Flap filmy Pennons oft, to extricate
Their Feet, in liquid Shackles bound, 'till Death
Bereave them of their worthless Souls: Such doom
Waits Luxury, and lawless Love of Gain!

Howe'er thou maist forbid external Force,
Intestine Evils will prevail; damp Airs,
And rainy Winters, to the Centre pierce
Of firmest Fruits, and by unseen Decay
The proper Relish vitiate: then the Grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital Core,
Pernicious Tenant, and her secret Cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the Pulp
Ceaseless; mean-while the Apple's outward Form
Delectable the witless Swain beguiles,
'Till, with a writhen Mouth, and spattering Noise,
He tastes the bitter Morsel, and rejects
Disrelish; not with less Surprise, than when
Embattled Troops with flowing Banners pass
Thro' flow'ry Meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling Surface; whilst the cavern'd Ground,
B With

With Grain incentive stor'd, by suddain Blaze
 Bursts fatal, and involves the Hopes of War
 In fiery Whirls; full of victorious Thoughts,
 Torn and dismembred, they aloft expire.

Now turn thine Eye to view *Alcinous'* Groves,
 The Pride of the *Pheacian* Isle, from whence,
 Sailing the Spaces of the boundless Deep,
 To *Ariconium* pretious Fruits arriv'd :
 The *Pippin* burnisht o'er with Gold, the *Moile*
 Of sweetest hony'd Taste, the fair *Permain*,
 Temper'd, like comliest Nymph, with red and
 white.

Salopian Acres flourish with a Growth
 Peculiar, styl'd the *Ottley*: Be thou first
 This Apple to transplant; if to the Name
 It's Merit answers, no where shalt thou find
 A Wine more priz'd, or laudable of Taste.
 Nor does the *Eliot* least deserve thy Care,
 Nor *John-Apple*, whose wither'd Rind, entrencht
 With many a Furrow, aptly represents
 Decrepid Age; nor that from *Harvey* nam'd,
 Quick-relishing: Why should we sing the *Thrift*,
Codling, or *Pomroy*, or of pimpled Coat

The

The *Rasset*, or the *Cats-Head's* weighty Orb,
Enormous in its Growth; for various Use
Tho' these are meet, tho' after full repast
Are oft requir'd, and crown the rich Desert?

What, tho' the *Pear-Tree* rival not the Worth
Of *Ariconian* Products? yet her Freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching Arms
Best screen thy Mansion from the fervent Dog
Adverse to Life; the wintry Hurricanes
In vain employ their Roar, her Trunc unmov'd
Breaks the strong Onset, and controls their Rage.
Chiefly the *Bosbury*, whose large Increase,
Annual, in sumptuous Banquets claims Applause.
Thrice acceptable Bev'rage! could but Art
Subdue the floating Lee, *Pomona's* self
Would dread thy Praise, and shun the dubious Strife.
Be it thy Choice, when Summer-Heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy Canopy,
Quaffing rich Liquids; Oh! how sweet t' enjoy,
At once her Fruits, and hospitable Shade!

But how with equal Numbers shall we match
The *Musk's* surpassing Worth! that earliest gives

Sure hopes of racy Wine, and in its Youth,
 Its tender Nonage, loads the spreading Boughs
 With large and juicy Off-spring, that defies
 The Vernal Nippings, and cold Syderal Blasts!
 Yet let her to the *Red-streak* yield, that once
 Was of the *Sylvan* Kind, unciviliz'd,
 Of no Regard, 'till *Scudamore's* skilful Hand
 Improv'd her, and by courtly Discipline
 Taught her the savage Nature to forget :
 Hence styl'd the *Scudamorean* Plant; whose Wine
 Who-ever tastes, let him with grateful Heart
 Respect that ancient loyal House, and wish
 The noble Peer, that now transcends our Hopes
 In early Worth, his Country's justest Pride,
 Uninterrupted Joy, and Health entire,

Let every Tree in every Garden own
 The *Red-streak* as supream; whose pulpos Fruit
 With Gold irradiate, and Vermilion shines
 Tempting, not fatal, as the Birth of that
 Primæval interdicted Plant, that won
 Fond *Eve* in hapless Hour to taste, and die.
 This, of more bounteous Influence, inspires
 Poetic Raptures, and the lowly Muse

Kindles to loftier Strains; even I perceive
Her sacred Virtue. See! the Numbers flow
Easie, whilst, chear'd with her nectareous Juice,
Hers, and my Country's Praises I exalt.
Hail *Herefordian* Plant, that dost disdain
All other Fields! Heav'n's sweetest Blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious Matter of my Song,
And Thy choice *Nectar*; on which always waits
Laughter, and Sport, and care-beguiling Wit,
And Friendship, chief Delight of Human Life.
What shou'd we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of Foreign Vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th'extreamest World? Why tempt the Rage
Of the rough Ocean? when our native Glebe
Imparts, from bounteous Womb, annual Recruits
Of Wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or *Latin* Grapes, or those that see
The setting Sun near *Calpe's* tow'ring Height.
Nor let the *Rhodian*, nor the *Lesbian* Vines
Vaunt their rich Must, nor let *Tokey* contend
For Sov'ranty; *Phaneus* self must bow
To th' *Ariconian* Vales: And shall we doubt,
T' improve our vegetable Wealth, or let
The Soil lye idle, which, with fit Manure,

Will largest Usury repay, alone
Impower'd to supply what Nature asks
Frugal, or what nice Appetite requires?
The Meadows here, with bat'ning Ooze enrich'd,
Give Spirit to the Grass; three Cubits high
The jointed Herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd Glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the Granaries with Store
Of Golden *Wheat*, the Strength of Human Life.
Lo, on auxiliary Poles, the *Hops*
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet Array!
Lo, how the Arable with *Barley-Grain*
Stands thick, o'ersadow'd, to the thirsty Hind
Transporting Prospect! These, as modern Use
Ordains, infus'd, an Auburn Drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless Fame. Here, to the Sight,
Apples of Price, and plenteous Sheaves of Corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial Juice; so rich the Soil,
So much does fructuous Moisture o'er-abound!
Nor are the Hills unamiable, whose Tops
To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospect sweet
To Human Ken; nor at their Feet the Vales
Descending gently, where the lowing Herd
Chews verd'rous Pasture; nor the yellow Fields
Gaily

Gaily' enterchang'd, with rich Variety
 Pleasing, as when an *Emerald* green, enchas'd
 In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
 A nobler Hue, more delicate to Sight.
 Next add the *Sylvan* Shades, and silent Groves,
 (Haunt of the *Druids*) whence the Hearth is fed
 With copious Fuel; whence the sturdy Oak,
 A Prince's Refuge once, th' æternal Guard
 Of *England's* Throne, by sweating Peasants fell'd,
 Stems the vast Main, and bears tremendous War
 To distant Nations, or with Sov'ran Sway
 Aws the divided World to Peace and Love.
 Why shou'd the *Chalybes*, or *Bilboa* boast
 Their harden'd Iron; when our Mines produce
 As perfect Martial Ore? Can *Tmolus'* Head
 Vie with our Saffron Odours? Or the Fleece
Betic, or finest *Tarentine*, compare
 With *Lemster's* filken Wool? Where shall we find
 Men more undaunted, for their Country's Weal
 More prodigal of Life? In ancient Days,
 The *Roman* Legions, and great *Cæsar* found
 Our Fathers no mean Foes: And *Cressy* Plains,
 And *Agincourt*, deep-ting'd with Blood, confess
 What the *Silures* Vigour unwithstood

Cou'd do in rigid Fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting Hand, first Garter'd Knight,
 Puissant Author of great *Chandois'* Stemm,
 High *Chandois*, that transmits Paternal Worth,
 Prudence, and ancient Prowess, and Renown,
 T' his Noble Off-spring. O thrice happy Peer!
 That, blest with hoary Vigour, view'st Thy self
 Fresh blooming in Thy Generous Son; whose Lips,
 Flowing with nervous Eloquence exact,
 Charm the wise Senate, and Attention win
 In deepest Councils: *Ariconium* pleas'd,
 Him, as her chosen Worthy, first salutes.
 Him on th' *Iberian*, on the *Gallic* Shore;
 Him hardy *Britons* bless; His faithful Hand
 Conveys new Courage from afar, nor more
 The General's Conduct, than His Care avails.

Thee also, Glorious Branch of *Cecil's* Line,
 This Country claims; with Pride and Joy to Thee
 Thy *Alterennis* calls: yet she endures
 Patient Thy Absence, since Thy prudent Choice
 Has fix'd Thee in the Muse's fairest Seat,
 Where *Aldrich* reigns, and from his endless Store
 Of universal Knowledge still supplies

His

His noble Care; he generous Thoughts instills
Of true Nobility, their Country's Love,
(Chief End of Life) and forms their ductile Minds
To Human Virtues: By His Genius led,
Thou soon in every Art preeminent
Shalt grace this Isle, and rise to *Burleigh's* Fame.

Hail high-born Peer! And Thou, great Nurse of
Arts,
And Men, from whence conspicuous Patriots spring,
Hammer, and *Bromley*; Thou, to whom with due
Respect *Wintonia* bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred Off-spring; be for ever blest
With like Examples, and to future Times
Proficuous, such a Race of Men produce,
As, in the Cause of Virtue firm, may fix
Her Throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this Vow
From One, the meanest in her numerous Train;
Tho' meanest, not least studious of her Praise.

Muse, raise thy Voice to *Beaufort's* spotless Fame,
To *Beaufort*, in a long Descent deriv'd
From Royal Ancestry, of Kingly Rights
Faithful Asserters: In Him centring meet

B 5

Their.

Their glorious Virtues, high Desert from Pride
 Disjoin'd, unshaken Honour, and Contempt
 Of strong Allurements. O Illustrious Prince!
 O Thou of ancient Faith! Exulting, Thee,
 In her fair List this happy Land inrolls.

Who can refuse a Tributary Verse
 To *Weymouth*, firmest Friend of slighted Worth
 In evil Days? whose hospitable Gate,
 Unbarr'd to All, invites a numerous Train
 Of daily Guests; whose Board, with Plenty crown'd,
 Revives the Feast-rites old: Mean-while His Care
 Forgets not the Afflicted, but content
 In Acts of secret Goodness, shuns the Praise,
 That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous Lord,
 To blazon what tho' hid will beauteous shine;
 And with Thy Name to dignifie my Song.

But who is He, that on the winding Stream
 Of *Vaga* first drew vital Breath, and now
 Approv'd in *Anna's* secret Councils sits,
 Weighing the Sum of Things, with wise Forecast
 Sollicitous of public Good? How large
 His Mind, that comprehends what-e'er was known
 To

To Old, or Present Time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its Skill? What Praise deserves
His liberal Hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing Suit? O not unthankful Muse;
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy Pipe, and skreen'd thee from opprobrious
Tongues.

Acknowledge thy Own *Harley*, and his Name
Inscribe on ev'ry Bark; the wounded Plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just Respect.

Such are our Heroes, by their Virtues known,
Or Skill in Peace, and War: Of softer Mold
The Female Sex, with sweet attractive Airs
Subdue obdurate Hearts. The Travellers oft,
That view their matchless Forms with transient
Glance,
Catch sudden Love, and sigh for Nymphs un-
known,
Smit with the Magic of their Eyes: nor hath
The Dædal Hand of Nature only pour'd
Her Gifts of outward Grace; their Innocence
Unfeign'd, and Virtue most engaging, free
From Pride, or Artifice, long Joys afford

To

To th' honest Nuptial Bed, and in the Wane
Of Life, rebate the Miseries of Age.
And is there found a Wretch, so base of Mind,
That Woman's pow'rful Beauty dares condemn,
Exactest Work of Heav'n? He ill deserves
Or Love, or Pity; friendless let him see
Uneasie, tedious Days, despis'd, forlorn,
As Stain of Human Race: But may the Man,
That chearfully recounts the Females Praise
Find equal Love, and Love's untainted Sweets
Enjoy with Honour. O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my Fate, my happiest Choice should be
A fair, and modest Virgin, that invites
With Aspect chaste, forbidding loose Desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose Heav'nly Eye
Sits purest Love enthron'd: But if the Stars
Malignant, these my better Hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred Pleasures know
Of strictest Amity; nor ever want
A Friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness, and Anguish, by kind Intercourse
Of Speech, and Offices. May in my Mind,
Indelible a grateful Sense remain
Of Favours undeserv'd! ——— O Thou! from
whom Gladly

Gladly both Rich, and Low seek Aid; most Wise
Interpreter of Right, whose gracious Voice
Breaths Equity, and curbs too rigid Law
With mild, impartial Reason; what Returns
Of Thanks are due to Thy Beneficence
Freely vouchsaf, when to the Gates of Death
I tended prone? If Thy indulgent Care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd Shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty Thoughts
Of Apples perish'd: But, uprais'd by Thee,
I tune my Pipe afresh, each Night, and Day,
Thy unexampled Goodness to extoll
Desirous; but nor Night, nor Day suffice
For that great Task; the highly Honour'd Name
Of *Trevor* must employ my willing Thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my Tongue.

Let me be grateful, but let far from me
Be fawning Cringe, and false dissembling Look,
And servile Flattery, that harbours oft
In Courts, and gilded Roofs. Some loose the Bands
Of ancient Friendship, cancell Nature's Laws
For Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
Renounce their Sires, oppose paternal Right

For

For Rule, and Power; and other's Realms invade,
With specious Shews of Love. This traiterous

Wretch

Betrays his Sov'ran: Others, destitute
Of real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
By Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
To be styl'd Honourable: Th' Honest Man,
Simple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
To ill-got Wealth; rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith; nor Fear, nor
Hope,

Will shock his stedfast Soul; rather debar'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, condemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him, if he can't with Purple stain
Of cumbrous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Croud, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs

Of

Of Conscience, nor with Spectre's grisly Forms,
Demons, and injur'd Souls, at Close of Day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds.
But (as a Child, whose inexperience'd Age
Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows,) enjoys
Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.
When Chaunticleer, with Clarion shrill, recalls
The tardy Day, he to his Labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy Mortals, and with curious Search
Examines all the Properties of Herbs,
Fossils, and Minerals, that th' embowell'd Earth
Displays, if by his Industry he can
Benefit Human Race : Or else his Thoughts
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th' wholesome
Rules

Of Temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
'Mong faithful Friends, to breed Distrust, and
Hate.

Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes

Except

Except his own, his own employs his Cares,
Large Subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little Stock denies
Fit Alms to *Lazars*, merciful, and meek.

Thus sacred *Virgil* liv'd, from courtly Vice,
And Baits of pompous *Rome* secure; at Court
Still thoughtful of the rural honest Life,
And how t' improve his Grounds, and how him-
self:

Best Poet! fit Exemplar for the Tribe
Of *Phæbus*, nor less fit *Maonides*,
Poor eyeless Pilgrim! and if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender *Spencer* liv'd, with mean Repast
Content, depress'd by Penury, and Pine
In foreign Realm: Yet not debas'd his Verse
By Fortune's Frowns. And had that Other Bard,
Oh, had but He that first ennobled Song
With holy Raptures, like his *Abdiel* been;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his Orbs,
That roll'd in vain to find the piercing Ray
And found no Dawn, by dim Suffusion veil'd!

But

But He——However, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his Fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior Strains, grov'ling beneath
Th' *Olympian* Hill, on Plains, and Vales intent,
Mean Follower. There let her rest a-while,
Pleas'd with the fragrant Walks, and cool Retreat.



CYDER.



C Y D E R.

B O O K II.



Harcourt, Whom th'ingenuous Love
of Arts

Has carry'd from Thy native Soil, be-
yond

Th' eternal *Alpine* Snows, and now detains
In *Italy's* waste Realms, how long must we
Lament Thy Absence? Whilst in sweet Sojourn
Thou view'st the Reliques of old *Rome*; or what,
Unrival'd Authors by their Presence, made
For ever venerable, rural Seats,
Tibur, and *Tusculum*, or *Virgil's* Urn-
Green with immortal Bays, which haply Thou,
Respecting his great Name, dost now approach

With

With bended Knee, and strow with purple Flow'rs;
Unmindful of Thy Friends, that ill can brook
This long Delay. At length, Dear Youth, return,
Of Wit, and Judgement ripe in blooming Years,
And *Britain's* Isle with *Latian* Knowledge grace.
Return, and let Thy Father's Worth excite
Thirst of Preeminence; see! how the Cause
Of Widows, and of Orphans He asserts
With winning Rhetoric, and well-argu'd Law!
Mark well His Footsteps, and, like Him, deserve
Thy Prince's Favour, and Thy Country's Love.

Mean-while (altho' the *Massic* Grape delights
Pregnant of racy Juice, and *Formian* Hills
Temper Thy Cups, yet) wilt not Thou reject
Thy native Liquors: Lo! for Thee my Mill
Now grinds choice Apples, and the *British* Vats
O'erflow with generous Cyder; far remote
Accept this Labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing Lands, and Seas, on Thee attends.

Thus far of Trees: The pleasing Task remains,
To sing of Wines, and Autumn's blest Increase.

Th' Ef.

Th' Effects of Art art shewn, yet what avails
 'Gainst Heav'n? Oft, notwithstanding all thy Care
 To help thy Plants, when the small Fruit'ry seems
 Exempt from Ills, an oriental Blaft
 Disastrous flies, soon as the Hind, fatigu'd,
 Unyokes his Team; the tender Freight, unskill'd
 To bear the hot Disease, distemper'd pines
 In the Year's Prime, the deadly Plague annoys
 The wide Inclosure; think not vainly now
 To treat thy Neighbours with mellifluous Cups,
 Thus disappointed: If the former Years
 Exhibit no Supplies, alas! thou must
 With tasteless Water wash thy droughty Throat.

A thousand Accidents the Farmer's Hopes
 Subvert, or cheque; uncertain all his Toil,
 'Till lusty Autumn's luke-warm Days, allay'd
 With gentle Colds, insensibly confirm
 His ripening Labours: Autumn, to the Fruits
 Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
 Equal, intenerating milky Grain,
 Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
 Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
 Fat *Olives*, and *Pistacio's* fragrant Nut,

And

And the *Pine's* tastful Apple: Autumn paints
Ansonian Hills with Grapes, whilst *English* Plains
Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early Dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd Odors, walk among
The well-rang'd Files of Trees, whose full-ag'd
Store

Diffuse *Ambrosial* Steams, than *Myrrh*, or *Nard*
More grateful, or perfuming flow'ry *Beane*!
Soft whisp'ring *Airs*, and the Lark's maddin Song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the Mind
Perplex'd with irksome Thoughts. Thrice happy
time,

Best Portion of the various Year, in which
Nature rejoyceth, smiling on her Works
Lovely, to full Perfection wrought! but ah,
Short are our Joys, and neighb'ring Grievs disturb
Our pleasant Hours. Inclement Winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty Blasts deface
The blithsome Year: Trees of their shrivel'd Fruits
Are widow'd, dreery Storms o'er all prevail.
Now, now's the time; ere hasty Suns forbid
To work, disburthen thou thy sapless *Wood*
Of its rich Progeny; the turgid Fruit

Abounds

Abounds with mellow Liquor; now exhort
Thy Hinds to exercise the pointed Steel
On the hard Rock, and give a wheely Form
To the expected Grinder: Now prepare
Materials for thy Mill, a sturdy Post
Cylindric, to support the Grinder's Weight
Excessive, and a flexile Sallow' entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy Hord. |
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy Press
Long ere the Vintage; but with timely Care
Shave the Goat's shaggy Beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a Strainer, to dispart
The husky, terrene Dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper Steed to find,
Whose Prime is past; the vigorous Horse disdains
Such servile Labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past Atchievements, and victorious Palms.
Blind *Bayard* rather, worn with Work, and Years,
Shall roll th' unweildy Stone; with sober Pace
He'll tread the circling Path 'till dewy Eve,
From early Day-spring, pleas'd to find his Age
Declining, not unuseful to his Lord.

Some,

Some, when the Press, by utmost Vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the pulposus Mass, regale their Swine
With the dry Refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy Husks in Water, and again employ
The pondrous Engine. Water will imbibe
The small Remains of Spirit, and acquire
A vinous Flavour; this the Peasants blith
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling Team
They drive, and sing of *Fusca's* radiant Eyes,
Pleas'd with the medly Draught. Nor shalt thou
now

Reject the *Apple-Cheese*, tho' quite exhaust;
Ev'n now 'twill cherish, and improve the Roots
Of sickly Plants; new Vigor hence convey'd
Will yield an Harvest of unusual Growth.
Such Profit springs from Husks discreetly us'd!

The tender Apples, from their Parents rent
By stormy Shocks, must not neglected lye,
The Prey of Worms: A frugal Man I knew,
Rich in one barren Acre, which, subdu'd
By endless Culture, with sufficient Must
His Casks replenisht yearly: He no more
Desir'd,

Desir'd, nor wanted, diligent to learn
The various Seasons, and by Skill repell
Invading Pests, successful in his Cares,
'Till the damp *Libyan* Wind, with Tempests arm'd
Outrageous, bluster'd horrible amidst
His Cyder-Grove: O'er-turn'd by furious Blasts,
The sightly Ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their Fruitage scatter'd, from the genial Boughs
Stript immature: Yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his Stars; but prudent, his fall'n Heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid Wreaths
Of tedded Grass, and the Sun's mellowing Beams
Rival'd with artful Heats, and thence procur'd
A costly Liquor, by improving Time
Equall'd with what, the happiest Vintage bears.

But this I warn Thee, and shall alway warn,
No heterogeneous Mixtures use, as some
With watry Turneps have debas'd their Wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude Humors dance
In heated Brass, steaming with Fire intense;
Altho' *Devonia* much commends the Use
Of strengthening *Vulcan*; with their native Strength
Thy Wines sufficient, other Aid refuse;

And,

And, when th' allotted Orb of Time's compleat,
Are more commended than the labour'd Drinks.

Nor let thy Avarice tempt thee to withdraw
The Priest's appointed Share; with cheerful Heart
The tenth of thy Increase bestow, and own
Heav'n's bounteous Goodness, that will sure
repay

Thy grateful Duty: This neglected, fear
Signal Avengeance, such as over-took
A Miser, that unjustly once with-held
The Clergy's Due; relying on himself,
His Fields he tended with successless Care,
Early, and late, when, or unwish't for Rain
Descended, or unseasonable Frosts
Curb'd his increasing Hopes, or when around
The Clouds dropt Fatness, in the middle Sky
The Dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable Glebe: recording this,
Be Just, and Wise, and tremble to transgress.

Learn now, the Promise of the coming Year
To know, that by no flattering Signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: The various Moon

C

Prophetic,

Prophetic, and attendant Stars explain
 Each rising Dawn; ere Icy Crusts surmount
 The current Stream, the heav'nly Orbs serene
 Twinkle with trembling Rays, and *Cynthia* glows
 With Light unfully'd: Now the Fowler, warn'd
 By these good Omens, with swift early Steps
 Treads the crimp Earth, ranging thro' Fields and
 Glades

Offensive to the Birds, sulphureous Death
 Checques their mid Flight, and heedless while they
 strain

Their tuneful Throats, the tow'ring, heavy Lead
 O'er-takes their Speed; they leave their little Lives
 Above the Clouds, præcipitant to Earth.

The Woodcocks early Visit, and Abode
 Of long Continuance in our temperate Clime,
 Foretell a liberal Harvest; He of Times
 Intelligent, th' harsh *Hyperborean* Ice
 Shuns for our equal Winters; when our Suns
 Cleave the chill'd Soil, he backward wings his way
 To *Scandinavian* frozen Summers, meet
 For his num'd Blood. But nothing profits more
 Than frequent Snows: O, may'st Thou often see
 Thy

Thy Furrows whiten'd by the woolly Rain,
Nutricious! Secret Nitre lurks within
The porous Wet, quick'ning the languid Glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt with fervent Vows implore
A moderate Wind; the Orchat loves to wave
With Winter-Winds, before the Gems exert
Their feeble Heads; the loosen'd Roots then drink
Large Increment, Earnest of happy Years.

Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly Stars, their pow'rful Influence
O'er planted Fields, what Vegetables reign
Under each Sign. On our Account has Jove
Indulgent, to all Moons some succulent Plant
Allotted, that poor, helpless Man might slack
His present Thirst, and Matter find for Toil.
Now will the *Corinths*, now the *Rasps* supply
Delicious Draughts; the *Quinces* now, or *Plums*,
Or *Cherries*, or the fair *Thisbeian* Fruit
Are prest to Wines; the *Britons* squeeze the Works
Of sedulous Bees, and mixing od'rous Herbs
Prepare balsamic Cups, to wheezing Lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd, ancient Sires.

But, if Thou'rt indefatigably bent
 To toil, and omnifarious Drinks wou'dst brew;
 Besides the Orchat, ev'ry Hedge, and Bush,
 Affords Assistance; ev'n afflictive *Birch*,
 Curs'd by unletter'd, idle Youth, distills
 A limpid Current from her wounded Bark,
 Profuse of nursing Sap. When Solar Beams
 Parch-thirsty human Veins, the damask't Meads,
 Unforc'd display ten thousand painted Flow'rs
 Useful in Potables. Thy little Sons
 Permit to range the Pastures; gladly they
 Will mow the *Cowslip*-Posies, faintly sweet,
 From whence thou artificial Wines shalt drain
 Of icy Taste, that, in mid Fervors, best
 Slack craving Thirst, and mitigate the Day.

Happy *Ierne*, whose most wholesome Air
 Poisons envenom'd Spiders, and forbids
 The baleful Toad, and Viper from her Shore!
 More happy in her Balmy Draughts, (enrich'd
 With Miscellaneous Spices, and the Root
 For Thirst-abating Sweetness prais'd,) which
 wide

Extend

Extend her Fame, and to each drooping Heart
Present Redress, and lively Health convey.

See, how the *Belge*, Sedulous, and Stout,
With Bowls of fat'ning *Mum*, or blisful Cups
Of Kernell-relish'd Fluids, the fair Star
Of early *Phosphorus* salute, at Noon
Jocund with frequent-rising Fumes! By Use
Instructed, thus to quell their Native Flegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward Mirth.

What need to treat of distant Climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping Journey of the Year,
Beyond *Petora*, and *Islandic* Coasts?

Where ever-during Snows, perpetual Shades
Of Darkness, would congeal their livid Blood,
Did not the *Arctic* Tract, spontaneous yield
A cheering purple Berry, big with Wine,
Intensely fervent, which each Hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming Pile of Pines, and oft
They interlard their native Drinks with choice
Of strongest *Brandy*, yet scarce with these Aids
Enabl'd to prevent the sudden Rot
Of freezing Nose, and quick-decaying Feet.

Nor less the Sable Borderers of Nile,
Nor who *Taprobane* manure, nor They,
Whom sunny *Borneo* bears, are stor'd with Streams
Egregious, *Rum*, and *Rice* Spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular Rays,
In vain they covet Shades, and *Tbrascias'* Gales,
Pining with *Æquinoctial* Heat, unless
The Cordial Glass perpetual Motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their Eyes,
Void of a bulky Charger near their Lips,
With which, in often-interrupted Sleep,
Their frying Blood compells to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd Tongues, else minutely to Death
Obnoxious, dismal Death, th' Effect of Drought!

More happy they, born in *Columbus'* World,
Carybbs, and they, whom the *Cotton* Plant
With downy-sprouting Vests arrays! Their Woods
Bow with prodigious Nuts, that give at once
Celestial Food, and Nectar; then, at hand
The *Lammon*, uncorrupt with Voyage long,
To vinous Spirits added (heav'nly Drink!)
They with Pneumatic Engine, ceaseless draw,

Intent

Intent on Laughter; a continual Tide
Flows from th' exhilarating Fount. As, when
Against a secret Cliff, with sudden Shock
A Ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the Sea,
Th' astonish'd Mariners ay ply the Pump,
No Stay, nor Rest, 'till the wide Breach is clos'd.
So they (but chearful) unfatigu'd, still move
The draining Sucker, then alone concern'd,
When the dry Bowl forbids their pleasing Work.

But if to hording Thou art bent, thy Hopes
Are frustrate, should'st Thou think thy Pipes will
flow
With early limpid Wine. The horded Store,
And the harsh Draught, must twice endure the Sun's
Kind strengthening Heat, twice Winter's purging
Cold.

There are, that a compounded Fluid drain
From different Mixtures, *Woodcock, Pippin, Moyle,*
Rough *Eliot*, sweet *Permain*, the blended Streams
(Each mutually correcting each) create
A pleasurable Medly, of what Taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the show'ry Arch,

With lifted Colours gay, *Or, Azure, Gales,*
Delights, and puzzles the Beholder's Eye,
That views the watry Brede, with thousand Shews
Of Painture vary'd, yet's unskill'd to tell
Or where one Colour rises, or one faints.

Some Cyders have by Art, or Age, unlearn'd
Their genuine Relish, and of sundry Vines
Assum'd the Flavour; one sort counterfeits
The *Spanish* Product; this, to *Gauls* has seem'd
The sparkling *Nectar of Champagne*; with that,
A *German* oft has swill'd his Throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that Imperial *Rhine* bestow'd
The Generous Rummer, whilst the Owner pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his Guests, thus entertain'd
With Foreign Vintage from his Cyder Cask.

Soon as thy Liquor from the narrow Cells
Of close-press'd Husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty Soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsom, undigested Cades:
The hoary Frosts, and Northern Blasts take care
Thy muddy Bev'rage to serene, and drive
Præcipitant the baser, ropy Lees.

And

And now thy Wine's transpicious, purg'd from all
It's earthy Gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat Refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd
From spritely, it, to sharp, or vappid change.
When to convenient Vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen Tube
Inflex; self-taught, and voluntary flies
The defecated Liquor, thro' the Vent
Ascending, then by downward Tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject Vessels, lovely clear.
As when a Noon-tide Sun, with Summer Beams,
Darts thro' a Cloud, her watry Skirts are edg'd
With lucid Amber, or undrossy Gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd Liquid shines.

Now also, when the Colds abate, nor yet
Full Summer shines, a dubious Season, close
In Glass thy purer Streams, and let them gain,
From due Confinement, Spirit, and Flavour new.

For this Intent, the subtle Chymist feeds
Perpetual Flames, whose unresisted Force
O'er Sand, and Ashes, and the stubborn Flint

Prevailing, turns into a fubil Sea,
 That in his Furnace bubbles funny-red:
 From hence a glowing Drop with hollow'd Steel
 He takes, and by one efficacious Breath
 Dilates to a surprizing Cube, or Sphere,
 Or Oval, and fit Receptacles forms
 For every Liquid, with his plastic Lungs,
 To human Life subservient; By his Means
 Cyders in Metal frail improve; the *Moyle*,
 And tasteful *Pippin*, in a Moon's short Year,
 Acquire compleat Perfection; Now they smoke
 Transparent, sparkling in each Drop, Delight
 Of curious Palate, by fair Virgins crav'd.
 But harsher Fluids different lengths of time
 Expect: Thy Flask will slowly mitigate
 The *Eliot's* Roughness. *Stirom*, firmest Fruit,
 Embottled (long as *Priameian* *Troy*
 Withstood the *Greeks*) endures, ere justly mild.
 Soften'd by Age, it youthful Vigor gains,
 Fallacious Drink! Ye honest Men beware,
 Nor trust its Smoothness; The third circling Glass
 Suffices Virtue: But may Hypocrites,
 (That slyly speak one thing, another think,
 Hateful as Hell) pleas'd with the Relish weak,
Drink

Drink on unwarn'd, 'till by enchanting Cups
Infatuate, they their wily Thoughts disclose,
And thro' Intemperance grow awhile sincere.

The Farmer's Toil is done; his Cades mature,
Now call for Vent, his Lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn Rites he pays
To *Bacchus*, Author of Heart-cheering Mirth.
His honest Friends, at thirsty hour of Dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous Hand
Imparts his smoking Vintage, sweet Reward
Of his own Industry; the well-fraught Bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble Cell
With quavering Laugh, and rural Jest resounds.
Ease, and Content, and undissembled Love
Shine in each Face; the Thoughts of Labour past
Encrease their Joy. As, from retentive Cage
When fullen *Philomel* escapes, her Notes
She varies, and of past Imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her Liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad Soul, improves her pleasing Song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the Bounds
Of healthy Temp'rance, nor incroach on Night,
Season

Season of Rest, but well bedew'd repair
Each to his Home, with unsupplanted Feet.
Ere Heav'n's emblazon'd by the rosie Dawn
Domestic Cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the Joys that flow
From amicable Talk, and moderate Cups
Sweetly' interchang'd. The pining Lover finds
Present Redress, and long Oblivion drinks
Of Coy *Lucinda*. Give the Debtor Wine;
His Joys are short, and few; yet when he drinks
His Dread retires, the flowing Glasses add
Courage, and Mirth: magnificent in Thought,
Imaginary Riches he enjoys,
And in the Goal expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the Poet *Bacchus'* Praise indite,
Debarr'd his Grape: The Muses still require
Humid Regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring *Phœbus*, with unmoisten'd Lips.
Thus to the generous Bottle all incline,
By parching Thirst allur'd: With vehement Sons
When dusty Summer bakes the crumbling Clods,
How pleasant is't, beneath the twisted Arch
Of a retreating Bow'r, in Mid-day's Reign
To ply the sweet Carouse, remote from Noise,

Secur'd

Secur'd of fev'rish Heats! When th' aged Year
Inclines, and *Boreas*' Spirit blusters frore,
Beware th' inclement Heav'ns; now let thy
Hearth

Crackle with juiceless Boughs; thy lingring Blood
Now instigate with th' Apple's powerful Streams.
Perpetual Showers, and stormy Gulls confine
The willing Ploughman, and *December* warns
To Annual Jollities; now sportive Youth
Carol incondite Rhythms, with suiting Notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy Swains
In clean Array, for rustic Dance prepare,
Mixt with the Buxom Damsels; hand in hand
They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny Limbs, with uncouth
Mein,

Transported, and sometimes, an oblique Leer
Dart on their Loves, sometimes an hasty Kiss
Steal from unwary Lasses; they with Scorn,
And Neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd Bliss.
Mean-while, blind *British* Bards with volant
Touch

Traverse loquacious Strings, whose solemn Notes
Provoke to harmless Revels; these among.

A subtle Artist stands, in wondrous Bag
That bears imprison'd Winds, (of gentler sort
Than those, which erst *Laertes'* Son enclos'd.)
Peaceful they sleep, but let the tuneful Squeeze
Of labouring Elbow rouse them, out they fly
Melodious, and with spritely Accents charm.
'Midst these Disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying Goblets, nor when Spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born Year with loud Acclaim, and store
Of jovial Draughts, now, when the sappy Boughs
Attire themselves with Blooms, sweet Rudiments
Of future Harvest: When the *Gnassian* Crown
Leads on expected Autumn, and the Trees
Discharge their mellow Burthens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their Vaults, and with her former Liquid Gifts
Exhilerate their languid Minds, within
The Golden *Mean* confin'd: Beyond, there's naught
Of Health, or Pleasure. Therefore, when thy Heart
Dilates with fervent Joys, and eager Soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling Glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire Compotation, forthwith Reason quits

Her

Her Empire to Confusion, and Misrule,
And vain Debates; then twenty Tongues at once
Conspire in senseless Jargon, naught is heard
But Din, and various Clamour, and mad Rant:
Distrust, and Jealousie to these succeed,
And anger-kindling Taunt, the certain Bane
Of well-knit Fellowship. Now horrid Frays
Commence, the brimming Glasses now are hurl'd
With dire Intent; Bottles with Bottles clash
In rude Encounter, round their Temples fly
The sharp-edg'd Fragments, down their batter'd
Cheeks

Mixt Gore, and Cyder flow: What shall we say
Of rash *Elpenor*, who in evil Hour
Dry'd an immeasurable Bowl, and thought
T' exhale his Surfeit by irriguous Sleep,
Imprudent? Him, Death's Iron-Sleep oppress,
Descending careless from his Couch; the Fall
Luxt his Neck-joint, and spinal Marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious Cares attend
The turbulent Mirth of Wine; nor all the kinds
Of Maladies, that lead to Death's grim Cave,
Wrought by Intemperance, joint-racking Gout,
Intestine Stone, and pining Atrophy,

Chill,

Chill, even when the Sun with *July*-Heats
Frys the scorch'd Soil, and Dropsy all a-float,
Yet craving Liquids : Nor the *Centaur's* Tale
Be here repeated ; how with Lust, and Wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and spilt their drunken Souls
At feasting Hour. Ye Heav'nly Pow'rs, that guard
The *British* Isles, such dire Events remove
Far from fair *Albion*, nor let Civil Broils
Ferment from Social Cups : May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen Sound of War, enjoy
Our humid Products, and with seemly Draughts
Enkindle Mirth, and Hospitable Love.

Too oft, alas ! has mutual Hatred drench'd
Our Swords in Native Blood, too oft has Pride,
And hellish Discord, and insatiate Thirst
Of other's Rights, our Quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell Destruction rag'd
Wide-spreading, when by *Eris'* Torch incens'd
Our Fathers warr'd ? What Hero's, signaliz'd
For Loyalty, and Prowess, met their Fate
Untimely, undeserv'd ! How *Bertie* fell,
Compton, and *Granvill*, dauntless Sons of *Mars*,
Fit Themes of endless Grief, but that we view
Their Virtues yet surviving in their Race !

Can

Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong Rout
Defy'd their Prince to Arms, nor made account
Of Faith, or Duty, or Allegiance sworn?
Apostate, Atheist Rebels! bent to Ill,
With seeming Sanctity, and cover'd Fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their Crime, th' Event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous Malice, and insulting Pride,
Abstain'd not from Imperial Bloud. O Fact
Unparallel'd! O *Charles!* O Best of Kings!
What Stars their black, disastrous Influence shed
On Thy Nativity, that Thou shou'dst fall
Thus, by inglorious Hands, in this Thy Realm,
Supreme, and Innocent, adjudg'd to Death
By those, Thy Mercy only wou'd have sav'd!
Yet was the Cyder-Land unstain'd with Guilt;
The Cyder-Land, obsequious still to Thrones,
Abhorr'd such base, disloyal Deeds, and all
Her Pruning-hooks extended into Swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled Rights
Of Monarchy; but, ah! successful She,
However faithful! then was no Regard
Of Right, or Wrong. And this, once Happy, Land

By

By home-bred Fury rent, long groan'd beneath
Tyrannic Sway, 'till fair-revolving Years
Our exil'd Kings, and Liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty *ANNA*'s Care
Secure at home, while She to foreign Realms
Sends forth her dreadful Legions, and restrains
The Rage of Kings : Here, nobly She supports
Justice oppress'd ; here, Her victorious Arms
Quell the Ambitious : From Her Hand alone
All *Europe* fears Revenge, or hopes Redress.
Rejoice, O *Albion* ! sever'd from the World
By Nature's wise Indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without ; in One Supreme
Intirely blest ; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy ; but the fond Desire
Of Rule, and Grandeur, multiply'd a Race
Of Kings, and numerous Sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public Weal : For now
Each Potentate, as wary Fear, or Strength,
Or Emulation urg'd, his Neighbour's Bounds
Invades, and ampler Territory seeks
With ruinous Assault ; on every Plain
Host cop'd with Host, dire was the Din of War,
And ceaseless, or short Truce haply procur'd

By

By Havoc, and Dismay, 'till Jealousy
Rais'd new Combustion: Thus was Peace in vain
Sought for by Martial Deeds, and Conflict stern:
'Till *Edgar* grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-Year Night, the orient Beam
Of *Phœbus*' Lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long-contending Pow'rs,
Pacific Monarch; then her lovely Head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The Spirit of Love; at Ease, the Bards new strung
Their silent Harps, and taught the Woods, and
Vales,

In uncouth Rhythms, to echo *Edgar*'s Name.
Then Gladness smil'd in every Eye; the Years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a Line
Of wise, Heroic Kings, that by just Laws
Establish'd Happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting Enemies in farthest Climes.

See Lyon-Hearted *Richard*, with his Force
Drawn from the North, to *Jury*'s hallow'd Plains!
Piously valiant, (like a Torrent swell'd
With wintry Tempests, that disdains all Mounds,
Breaking a Way impetuous, and involves

Within

Within its Sweep, Trees, Houses, Men) he press'd
 Amidst the thickest Battel ; and o'er-threw
 What-e'er withstood his zealous Rage ; no Pause,
 No Stay of Slaughter, found his vigorous Arm,
 But th' unbelieving Squadrons turn'd to Flight
 Smote in the Rear, and with dishonest Wounds
 Mangl'd behind : The *Soldan*, as he fled,
 Oft call'd on *Alla*, gnashing with Despite,
 And Shame, and murmur'd many an empty Curse.

Behold Third *Edward's* Streamers blazing high
 On *Gallia's* hostile Ground ! his Right withheld,
 Awakens Vengeance ; O imprudent *Gauls*,
 Relying on false Hopes, thus to incense
 The warlike *English* ! one important Day
 Shall teach you meaner Thoughts : Eager of Fight,
 Fierce *Brutus'* Off-spring to the adverse Front
 Advance resistless, and their deep Array
 With furious Inroad pierce ; the mighty Force
 Of *Edward*, twice o'erturn'd their desperate King,
 Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid Shock :
 The third time, with his wide-extended Wings,
 He fugitive declin'd superior Strength,
 Discomfited ; persu'd, in the sad Chace

Ten

Ten Thousands ignominious fall ; with Blond
The Vallies float : Great *Edward* thus aveng'd,
With golden *Iris* his broad Shield emboss'd.

Thrice glorious Prince ! whom, Fame with all
her Tongues

For ever shall resound. Yet from his Loins
New Authors of Dissention spring ; from him
Two Branches, that in hosting long contend
For Sov'ran Sway ; (and can such Anger dwell
In noblest Minds ?) but little now avail'd
The Ties of Friendship ; every Man, as lead
By Inclination, or vain Hope, repair'd
To either Camp, and breath'd immortal Hate,
And dire Revenge : Now horrid Slaughter reigns ;
Sons against Fathers tilt the fatal Lance,
Careless of Duty, and their native Grounds
Distain with Kindred Blood, the twanging Bows
Send Showers of Shafts, that on their barbed Points
Alternate Ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons, and Peasants on th' embattled Field
Slain, or half dead, in one huge, ghastly Heap
Promiscuously amass : with dismal Groans,
And Ejulation, in the Pangs of Death

Some

Some call for Aid, neglected ; some o'erturn'd
 In the fierce Shock, lye gasping, and expire,
 Trampled by fiery Coursers ; Horror thus,
 And wild Uproar, and Desolation reign'd
 Unrespited : Ah ! who at length will end
 This Long, pernicious Fray ? What Man has Fate
 Reserv'd for this great Work ? — Hail, happy
 Prince

Of *Tudor's* Race, whom in the Womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw ! Thou, Thou art He,
 Great *Richmond Henry*, that by nuptial Rites
 Must close the Gates of *Janus*, and remove
 Destructive Discord : Now no more the Drum
 Provokes to Arms, or Trumpet's Clangor shrill
 Affrights the Wives, or chills the Virgin's Blood ;
 But Joy, and Pleasure open to the View
 Uninterrupted ! With presaging Skill
 Thou to Thy own unitest *Fergus's* Line
 By wise Alliance ; from Thee *James* descends,
 Heav'n's chosen Fav'rite, first *Britannic* King.
 To him alone, Hereditary Right
 Gave Power Supreme ; yet still some Seeds remain'd
 Of Discontent ; two Nations under One,
 In Laws and Int'rest diverse, still persu'd

Peculiar

Peculiar Ends, on each Side resolute
To fly Conjunction; neither Fear, nor Hope,
Nor the sweet Prospect of a mutual Gain,
Cou'd ought avail, 'till prudent *ANNA* said
LET THERE BE UNION; strait with Reve-
rence due
To Her Command, they willingly unite,
One in Affection, Laws, and Government,
Indissolubly firm; from *Dubris* South,
To Northern *Orcades*, Her long Domain.

And now thus leagu'd by an eternal Bond,
What shall retard the *Britons* bold Designs,
Or who sustain their Force; in Union knit,
Sufficient to withstand the Pow'rs combin'd
Of all this Globe? At this important Act
The *Mauritanian* and *Cathaian* Kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd *Turk*
Dreads War from utmost *Tbule*; uncontrol'd
The *British* Navy thro' the Ocean vast
Shall wave her double Cross, t' extreamest Climes
Terrific, and return with odorous Spoils
Of *Araby* well fraught, or *Indus*' Wealth,
Pearl, and Barbaric Gold; mean-while the Swains
Shall

Shall unmolested reap, what Plenty strows
From well stor'd Horn, rich Grain, and timely
Fruits.

The elder Year, *Pomona*, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd Births, whose liquid Store
Abundant, flowing in well blended Streams,
The Natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful Ills, caus'd by *Bellona's* Wrath
In other Realms; where-e'er the *British* spread
Triumphant Banners, or their Fame has reach'd
Diffusive, to the utmost Bounds of this
Wide Universe, *Silurian* Cyder borne
Shall please all Tasts, and triumph o'er the Vine.

T H E E N D .



II.

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